

THE QUILL

MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS, AND PUBLISHERS



AN ASSIGNMENT THAT 'BLEW UP'

News photographers crouched behind a barricade of sandbags to photograph the first public demonstrations of Lester Barlow's new explosive near Baltimore, Md.

—Acme Photo

THE QUILL

A MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS

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AT DEADLINE

By R. L. P.

INCLUDED in the 15 working newspapermen recently selected from 217 applicants as recipients of this year's Nieman Fellowships, which gives them residence at Harvard University, was Boyd Simmons, a fellow member of the staff of the Detroit News.

We'd like to tell you something of Boyd's story to date—a story of a young man determined to get into journalism on a metropolitan daily. It is a story that should hearten a lot of the journalism seniors who will be graduated in June to find jobs rather scarce—for it shows that the door of opportunity does open now and then if a fellow is watching it.

The story begins some years ago when H. C. L. Jackson, columnist of the News whom we've frequently quoted in this department, went out to Mackenzie High School to talk to a group of students in the journalism department. Jack remarked, among other things, that he would like to have the column reflect high school life every now and then, but that he hadn't been able to find a contributor who could write the sort of material he wanted.

"How about Boyd Simmons?" piped up a feminine voice. "He can write good stuff."

"Then why doesn't he try it?" retorted Jack, and then, point blank, "Will you?" he asked a blushing Boyd, who gulped some sort of an unintelligible reply.

SOME weeks later, Jack found among his mail a typewritten story from Boyd, accompanied by a note that said simply, "I wonder if you can use this?"

Jack did use it, wondering, he recalls, how come a kid could have such an understanding of human nature. He used it under the caption of "Boyd, the High School Chronicle." Well, it clicked, that piece. Jack wrote an encouraging note and waited for the next one. Two weeks passed and it didn't come.

Then came a second piece, hand-addressed, but without any accompanying note. The second piece established Boyd as a regular contributor to the column. It wasn't until three or four years later that Jack learned that Boyd had never sent him the second piece. Boyd's mother had found it beside his typewriter. She asked why he hadn't mailed it in.

"Aw," said Boyd, "it wasn't good enough." And he tossed it into the wastebasket. After he had gone out, his mother rescued it and sent it to Jack.

The Boyd pieces continued more or less regularly for a year. Only Boyd and Jack know how many of his efforts were rejected. His pieces had become so pop-

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Without Discounting Advances Made, This Writer Finds Science Reporting Still In a Primitive Stage

By WALDEMAR KAEMPFERT

Science Editor, the New York Times

ANY community gets precisely the kind of newspapers that it can digest. The faults of journalism are the faults of our culture.

If 90 per cent of a city's inhabitants are more interested in horse races, divorce scandals, crime, gossip, than in electrical engineering or atomic physics, then it is of horse races, divorce scandals, crime, and gossip that they will read.

According to Frederick Adams Wood, who used to lecture on human heredity at M. I. T., only two per cent of any population supplies leaders in law, engineering, commerce, and politics. It is no statistical accident that the foremost newspaper of the United States should have a daily circulation of 375,000, which is about two per cent of the literate in the metropolitan region. There are cultural strata in every community; there are newspapers for each stratum. By their newspapers may communities be judged.

IT is the function of a newspaper to publish news. A truism? Yes, but it needs restating. Publishers of newspapers sometimes forget it. Hence, the reliance on comic strips and columnists to win and hold readers. It is easy to find comic

strips and publish witty columns. But news? It is hard to gather, hard to appraise, hard to present for the many. It must be judged both quantitatively and qualitatively. For news must be abundant, varied, and accurate.

But what is news? Anything that satisfies human curiosity. The editors will agree on the news value of King George's death, the racial policies of the Nazis, Mussolini's activities in Ethiopia, the kidnaping of a millionaire, the decision of the Supreme Court on the constitutionality of the National Recovery Act, the assassination of a Balkan king in Marseilles, the outcome of a prize fight for the heavy-weight championship of the world.

But the cosmic rays or the neutron? Only in recent years have they begun to realize that the discoveries made in scientific laboratories, the new advances in engineering are news—great news, perhaps the greatest news of our time. Some 20 years ago there were only five so-called science editors in the country. Now there are five times that number. The numerical increase is an omen.

Despite this growth of the news interest in science there is still much inadequate



Waldemar Kaempffert

reporting of the discoveries made by great physicists and biologists. The reasons are two. One is the tradition that a good reporter can write on anything from the collision of two trains to the transmutation of matter. The other is that "human interest" comes before everything.

Both of these tenets are repugnant to every scientist, apart from the manner of presentation. He wants facts. He insists that a man must know what he is writing about. "Human interest" entertains him, as it does every normal being. But in science, especially in physics, humanity counts for nothing. Every first-class astronomer prays nightly: "Please God, do not let us discover evidence of intelligent life on Mars." Life, especially human life, is a nuisance in the exact sciences. If there were intelligent beings on Mars—super-engineers who can dig canals as the late Prof. Percival Lowell postulated—the door would be opened wide for speculation.

Only the editors of the great metropolitan dailies have learned to accept this view. Hence, the insistence on factual reporting by specialists. As a result we hear less of the mythical "wizards" of the laboratory and more about the meaning of discoveries in the onward sweep of culture and of society. Neutrons, electrons, protons, atomic numbers and masses, the expanding universe—they are the principals in exciting articles that sometimes "make" the front page.

ALL this is part of the journalistic trend toward specialization. Despite the best efforts of newspapers to avoid the departmentalization of their journals the specialists will not be denied. Financial editors, sports writers, dramatic critics, book reviewers, commentators on motion-picture plays, music writers, automobile

THERE is no beat more potentially productive of significant and at the same time absorbing stories than the science beat. Yet, for reasons outlined in the accompanying article by Waldemar Kaempffert, science editor of the New York Times and one of the country's best known science writers, many such stories either are untouched or do not receive wide popular reading.

For 30 years, Mr. Kaempffert has been popularizing science and engineering. He was editor of the *Scientific American* for 18 years and of *Popular Science Monthly* for five years. He was the first director of the Museum of Science and Industry in Chicago and laid out the plan now being followed in developing that institution.

He is the author of "The New Art of Flying," one of the earlier books on aviation, also of "A History of Astronomy," "A Popular History of American Invention," "Science Today and Tomorrow," recently published, and of numerous popular articles on science, engineering and industry which have appeared in the leading periodicals of the United States, England, France and Germany. He writes all the editorials on science and engineering which appear in the New York Times and conducts for that paper the weekly science department which is used by many schools.

editors, art critics, society columnists—their number is already legion.

There are still brilliant reporters who write on politics and football with equal facility. But the day of the universal genius is definitely over on the great dailies. This applies to editorial writers as well as to reporters. A reporter is supposed to state only the facts. But the editorial writer expresses opinions. He is a critic. And as a critic, he of all men must know the facts, and he of all journalists must be a specialist.

The universities may well claim some of the credit for the higher standards now set by popular scientific journalism. There was a time when a physicist or a biologist regarded himself as an Egyptian high priest. "This is my temple," he said in effect to the reporter who crossed the threshold of the laboratory, "do not defile it with your presence." He would rarely stoop to write a popular article even for a monthly magazine.

There is less of that aloofness now. The professor willingly gives a little lecture over the telephone on astrophysics in response to a request for information, especially when he is assured that he will not be quoted. From the press bureaus of the great universities come well-prepared, simply worded statements that make the science reporter's task easier. If he has a literary conscience, if he takes any pride in his own work, he will not copy a "hand out" word for word. It is a foundation on which a specialist can build without distorting the facts and yet impart a flavor of his own.

SO it is with the great corporations. Some of the finest scientific work of our time is done in their laboratories. They, too, are creators of news. Their publicity departments know it, conducted as they are by ex-newspaper men; and so it happens that the corporation press agent often sends out announcements about new vapor lamps, developments in television, remarkable plastic compounds—announcements as important as those that come from the universities.

Unfortunately, the corporation ballyhoosers are under constant pressure from sales promotion departments. Hence, a slightly improved sad iron is acclaimed as fervently as if it ranked with the invention of the telephone. The newspapers find no difficulty in sifting mere advertising from scientific news. Because they have no such eye for the main chance and because they are under profession control (so far as approval of their utterances is concerned) the university publicity men fare better.

There is also Science Service, a non-profit-making agency which was founded by the late E. W. Scripps, himself a newspaper owner, to disseminate the news of the laboratory and the observatory. It does its work well and is especially useful to the small-town papers. But the large dailies rely more on their own staffs of specialists.

Then comes the *Associated Press*, which has of late years, paid more and more attention to science and technology. Its

staff is still so small that it does not pretend to cover thoroughly the vast field of science from mathematical physics to genetics. It misses more good science news than it transmits over its wires. Moreover, it is hampered by the necessity of dealing with 1,200 newspapers ranging from the best to the worst, from the largest to the smallest. How fortunate are the science writers of the New York dailies in comparison! They can discuss Einsteinian mass-energy equivalents, the transmutation of bismuth into radium E in terms of atomic numbers and masses and soar into what is at least the stratosphere if not the heaven of scientific journalism.

Lastly, there are the scientific and engineering conventions at which important papers are read. Usually a press bureau sees to it that abstracts are handed out and the papers themselves made available if need be. Even a technically untrained reporter can go far with the aid thus lent. He may fail to see the significance of some paper because of a forbidding technical title, but there is no excuse for inaccuracy on his part.

YET, despite all these facilities, science reporting is still in a primitive stage. The men are for the part technically untrained. They must cover too wide a field. To leap from the Jeans-Eddington hypothesis of the annihilation of matter in stars to anthropology—breathes there the man who can do it and not start in his sleep, wondering for what error he will be reproved by some captious writer of letters to the editor?

The day is coming—and it is not so very distant—when at least two pages will be devoted every day to science and technology in a first-class newspaper. There will be a demand for technically trained specialists. Instead of one or two men, the scientific reportorial staff will comprise a dozen, each a Ph.D. perhaps, each certainly a graduate of a technical school or of a university where he has specialized in some science.

But a new public is also needed. The one we have is appallingly ignorant of even the elements of science, despite the homespun knowledge it has acquired of household electric circuits, automobiles, and cameras. The reporters and the editors must now rack their brains for similes, word pictures, analogues.

How is relativity to be explained to readers who cannot think in terms of anything but Euclidian space? How are the tenets of wave mechanics to be driven home? How can the discovery of the positron be linked with Dirac's mathematical prediction of its existence by methods still so recondite that only a few experts in the field of higher mathematics understand them?

THE science writer is not equipped by training or knowledge (with perhaps three exceptions on all the papers in the country) to understand the mathematical argument. And if he were, his public would fail him. He finds himself in the position of a man who is asked to explain

a new symphony in words. It cannot be done. There is nothing for it but to summon the orchestra and play the score—nothing for it but to print the equations. Like music, mathematics is a language in itself.

And yet, such are the strange turns of journalistic fate, that equations sometimes are printed. When, for example, Einstein's first attempt at a unitary field theory became known the whole mathematical argument, symbols and all, was cabled across the Atlantic for publication in New York. It required an expert at the transmitting end to reduce the equations to a form that could be transmitted and another at the receiving end to relate them properly to one another in the final "copy."

Yet not 20 readers out of the hundreds of thousands who saw the theory thus scientifically expounded could understand what appeared. Here is "news interest" pushed to the extreme. When relativity was first discussed in any paper—13 years after the special theory had become familiar to every good mathematical physicist, be it noted—the baffled reporter could do little more than write of a mysterious revolution that had occurred in human thinking. Time-space? Fourth dimensions? Light from a star bent aside by the sun on its way to the earth? No wonder he was staggered.

Since the advent of Einstein he has had much harder things to worry about—the puzzles of nuclear physics, for example, the theories of de Broglie, Schroedinger, and Heisenberg. He becomes aware not only of his own deficiencies but of those of his readers, too.

THE difficulties of popularizing physics will never be overcome. But it is something that newspaper editors and reporters are beginning to realize that a description of Einstein as a bright-eyed, absent-minded man with white fuzzy hair, who smokes an English pipe and talks on pacifism now and then is not an elucidation of relativity. What shall be done in the absence of a mathematically educated public? Dwell on the philosophic consequences. It is what Russell, Jeans, Eddington, Reichenbach, de Sitter, and others have done to explain the new systems of mathematical logic. There is no other formula.

But this in turn brings us back to the public. And the public, in this case means not the devourers of the "he-and-she" stories of the tabloids but the college graduates, the engineers, the business men, the educated class. Yes, even the scientists. For what does the geneticist know of quantum theory? Or the botanist of astrophysics? Or the engineer of biology?

It is evident that we face here a problem in education. The newspapers are helpless. They are not free of all responsibility; for they, too, educate in their way. It is to the high schools, the universities that we must look for a new type of newspaper reader, the type that can

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Running the Gestapo Gantlet!

THIS incident in the career of Dr. William E. Dodd, former United States ambassador to Germany, didn't appear in news accounts treating of his life, work and death some weeks ago at his estate at Round Hill, Va.

Of course, it wouldn't have. To him it probably was an insignificant and irritating incident—but to me it had—and has—a great significance. For, had it not been for the then ambassador, I might today be a prisoner in Nazi Germany.

I had entered Germany as a roving reporter for the *Detroit News*, via Italy and what was then Austria, so it was some time—in fact, many months—before I arrived in Berlin, where ambassadors live and move and have their being. Anyway, being there to study and report on the Nazi dictatorship, no ambassador—not even my own—seemed to concern me very much.

It took three telephone calls from Mr. Dodd to get this mistaken notion out of my head. The first was a formal invitation to a luncheon. The second was a call from the ambassador's secretary, reminding me that I had been some six weeks in Berlin and suggesting that it was time to drop in and meet some fellow countrymen there. The first invitation I declined and the second I dodged on the general theory that I could see plenty of Americans at home but that in Germany my time was sufficiently taken up in seeing and talking to Germans.

The third call was less an invitation than a command. It came from Dr. Dodd himself and he said:

"I am trying to protect you. An embassy car is at the door. Please come at once!"

IN the high ceilinged, rather stately private library in the swank Embassy building I found Dr. Dodd, looking more like the college professor he had been most of his life than the envoy of a great power. But Dr. Dodd's rather mild appearance

By **RUSSELL GORE**

Illustrated by Verne Minge

could not quite cover the fact that he was a very angry professor, and I (on the other side of the white mantel of the huge fireplace) was like a naughty student caught at I knew not what prank.

"They tell me," he grumbled, "that you have traveled widely in Eastern Europe—especially in Russia and Italy—so you cannot plead that you do not know what these dictatorships are like!"

"I know what they're like. What makes you think I don't?"

"You're trying to put something over. And, I'm telling you, Mr. Gore, you can't get away with it! Don't look to me for protection when you get in trouble! For I can't help you! No power on earth can help you! They have their own laws and

they interpret them in their own way. You can't get away with it, I tell you!"

"Get away with what?"

"Whatever it is they have on you."

"What have they on me?"

DR. DODD paused. Then, as though weighing every word, said, "You have heard of a crime which in a general way is known as 'Disrespect of the National Socialist State?'"

"Yes."

"Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty! But so is practically every other American in Berlin. You yourself have had the courage to state in public speeches what you think of this tyranny. Only last Thanksgiving Day you spoke of the effect of this system on the human mind, the human spirit, the—"

"Yes, yes, I know. But I am the ambassador, exempt from prosecution. They can only have me recalled. They can't put me in a concentration camp for anywhere from five years to life as they can you."

"What can they do without evidence? They can't jail me for what I THINK, can they?"

"They jail their own people for what they think, and then the evidence turns up later. With foreigners they have to be more careful. But they apparently have everything they want on you!"

"What?"

"How do I know? All I know is that, smart as they are, they can't help boasting. And someone boasted that your Waterloo would come at Sassnitz."

"Sassnitz? That's my port of entry. I landed there from Sweden. I leave Sassnitz to get back to Sweden."

"IF YOU get back to Sweden," the ambassador reminded me. Then, in crisp, business-like tones, he suggested: "Let's take this up from the beginning and find out just what they can have on you. Where

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Russell Gore

Feature writer and roving foreign correspondent of the *Detroit News*.

Collegiate America Speaks—



Tom Heggen

Heggen, who tells the interesting story of Joe Belden and his successful efforts to found a poll of student opinion, is a junior in the University of Minnesota's Department of Journalism, having transferred from Oklahoma. He formerly served the *Daily Oklahoman* as a campus reporter, now is a copy-reader on the *Minnesota Daily* and has an ambition some day to publish a paper like the *Hokah* (Minn.) Chief.

EARLY in the spring of 1937 a notable birth took place right on the front steps of the University of Texas Journalism building. The "baby" was later christened Student Opinion Surveys of America.

Technically, that is not quite true, for the Surveys did not spring full-grown on the spot. But the germ was born that day as Joe Belden, then sports editor of the *Daily Texan*, walked down those steps, deep in thought. Belden was pondering the issue which had the entire Texas campus up in arms; that of a proposed ROTC unit for the University.

For weeks, the *Daily Texan* had been crusading editorially against the proposal then before the state legislature. Day after day, *Texan* editorials told readers that the student body was overwhelmingly opposed to the military unit. But, sadly, there seemed no way to prove this. Belden considered the problem. Why, he reasoned, couldn't an accurate, conclusive poll be taken of the student body to determine exactly how feeling stood? The results of such a poll would certainly carry a great deal of weight in the final disposition of the matter.

The idea grew from there. Belden struck up a correspondence with the office of Dr. George Gallup, director of the American Institute of Public Opinion, asking advice on how to conduct an accu-

The Story of Student Opinion Surveys Which Chart Campus Thought Trends

By TOM HEGGEN

rate sampling of campus opinion. The letters from Dr. Gallup's office piled high on Belden's desk. In his spare time, the *Texan's* sports editor sat in the University library, pouring over research material on the testing of public opinion.

Then, in November, 1937, he struck. With a staff of NYA workers furnished him by V. I. Moore, dean of student life at the University, Belden conducted his first poll. One of his first questions asked this: "Do you favor establishment of an ROTC unit on this campus?" The results supported the *Texan*; 59 per cent of the students opposed the measure.

For a year, Belden's poll, named the Bureau of Student Opinion, continued on the Texas campus. Each week his interviewers asked their questions of nearly 500 students, representing a 5 per cent sample of the University's enrollment of 10,000. These opinions were duly tabulated and published in the *Texan*. On issues which were later settled in campus-wide elections, they proved surprisingly accurate.

BUT all this time Belden had his eyes on a higher goal; a nation-wide poll of collegiate opinion. He wanted to set up something that would be to college papers as Dr. Gallup's Institute was to metropolitan newspapers. But one problem had him all but licked—the necessarily large cost of distributing and gathering ballots nationally. Even the most prosperous of college papers, such as the *Daily Illini*, the *California Daily Bruin*, and the *Min-*

nesota Daily could not stand such a strain on their budgets. The idea was unthinkable for their poorer relations.

For a while, there seemed almost no out; then the problem was solved with two deft strokes. A staff worker on each member paper would conduct the poll, without pay, on his campus; and a ballot form was devised so that results of as many as 60 interviews could be tabulated on two sheets of paper, thus cutting postage bills to rock-bottom.

"These two developments," Belden says, "saved the day. If it had not been for them, I believe the Surveys would still be a dream."

So it was decided—the polls were to become nation-wide—and Belden set to work preparing statistics. At the suggestion of the firm of Elmo Roper, director of the *Fortune* Quarterly Survey, he settled on the six geographical divisions of the Bureau of the Census as the basis for his cross-section. At that time, college enrollments figured to approximately these percentages: New England 7 per cent, Middle Atlantic 27, Southern 20, East Central 18, West Central 14, and Far Western 14.

Next, Belden decided on four personal classifications to provide the most accurate "breakdown" of student bodies. The ballot would specify classification (freshman, junior, etc.) of the student; his major course of study; whether or not he is self-supporting; and his political leanings. Enrollment ratios of men to women

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Joe Belden, founder of Student Opinion Surveys of America, at his desk.

No Wonder Correspondents Sometimes Feel Like Calling Curses on the Censor!



Barry Faris

WHEN people read the papers these days and see little or no real war news and wonder what is really going on, they are prone to say: "If we only had a Richard Harding Davis alive today—he'd get the news."

That is not true. Richard Harding Davis, if alive today, would get just what the rest of us are getting—a pain in the neck.

That is a rather loose way of saying that foreign correspondents at work in Europe today are up against an almost impossible proposition. So when anyone really comes through with something—such as Kenneth Downs' first-person story of his trip to the outposts of the Maginot Line with a Moroccan regiment or Courtenay Terrett's first-hand description of a Soviet division's annihilation in Finland—you may rest assured that he has done the virtually impossible.

And even Richard Harding Davis couldn't do that.

TO understand the censorship situation today it is necessary to remember that it isn't any new departure, undertaken just because of this war. There has always been censorship abroad. Even France, known the world over as the citadel of freedom and independence had a peacetime censorship that was drastic in the extreme. It was unofficial, or rather it was not publicly admitted, but it was none the less effective.

Material sent by cable simply was excised or stopped entirely and when a correspondent wanted to be smart and use the telephone, the French authorities simply put a buzz on the wire that scrambled the conversation in its entirety.

You could squawk all you wanted to, and all the satisfaction you would get was a polite regret that the line was "out of order."

Since the war, of course, there have been many improvements—if you can call

By **BARRY FARIS**

Editor-in-Chief, International News Service

them that—and while we all acknowledge that military information must be kept secret, there has been no rhyme nor reason for some of the tactics that have been adopted, particularly in London. I suppose you all read of the incident that occurred when Sir John Reith, former head of the British Broadcasting Company, was named chief British censor. In the main office of the Ministry of Information in London there is a huge gong which is rung three times to summon the correspondents whenever some announcement of momentous importance is to be made.

The moment Sir John took over the job, he ordered the bell to be rung, and the correspondents raced in, paper and pencils ready, expecting to hear that the blitzkrieg had blitzed. An official in cut-away and striped pants stepped before the microphone and uttered these breath-taking words:

"Sir John Reith regrets that as Minister of Information he will NOT be able to talk to the press."

SO that is the situation which now prevails. Individual initiative is stopped at its source. The correspondents are supposed to be satisfied with communiques and hand-outs and even though their cables are based upon official statements, each is read and blue-penciled by a censor, sometimes being delayed anywhere from 30 minutes to two hours in transmission. You can understand what this means when you realize that press-rate

messages in normal times move from London to New York in five minutes, while cables sent at urgent rate—five times the cost of ordinary press—have been known to reach our hands in 30 seconds after their dispatch.

The British censorship is getting worse instead of better, although the correspondents have enforced some regulations for more expeditious transmission of their cables. You know that all England was blanketed in snow for two weeks before a single word could be cabled abroad.

The London press saw a great joke in this, pointing out, of course, that Nazi secret agents stationed in the British Isles didn't need to read the papers to know that it was snowing and certainly had ways and means of transmitting such information to Berlin, for whatever value it might happen to have from a military point of view.

One of England's latest tricks is to open incoming mail from the United States and re-seal all the letters with hugh stickers reading "Opened by Censor." In this connection, the use of these stickers has come to be almost an obsession with the English.

C. V. R. "Tommy" Thompson, New York correspondent of the London *Daily Express* and author of that successful satire, "I Lost My English Accent," received an ordinary postcard from some friend in London the other day. It was just an open-face postcard, with address on one side and writing on the other, but oblit-

THAT foreign correspondents assigned to the war zones are having a difficult time getting any news has been apparent since the English and French sent their forces into action. This article lifts the curtain on a few of those difficulties, makes you appreciate more than ever the tremendous odds American correspondents face in trying to keep their readers back home informed.

In Barry Faris, editor-in-chief of International News Service, those correspondents have a sympathetic and understanding task-master; a newspaperman's newspaperman who has been through the mill from the days of cub reporting in St. Joseph, Mo., to the managing editor's chair and then on to his present post. He has handled all sorts of news under all sorts of conditions.

From St. Joseph, he went to Fort Worth, Los Angeles, Denver and Indianapolis before entering the news service field. Keenly interested in spotting, coaching and developing likely men for important editorial posts, he is and has been a student of training and education for journalism and an officer of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity.

erating just about half of what had been written was one of these big-red-lettered stickers "Opened by Censor." As Tommy put it, the opening and closing of a postcard by some zealous guardian of British secrets was just about the neatest trick of the week, if not of the war!

THE trouble with the British censors is that they have no idea of how news is handled. One morning, just before press time, the London *Express* called the Ministry of Information for confirmation of some news flash that had just come through. It was 4 a. m. and the sleepy censor on the other end of the wire just couldn't be bothered looking into it.

"I don't see why you are in such an infernal hurry, anyway," he said. "The *Express* doesn't come out until breakfast time. I know, because I have it on my table every morning."

Time and again, *INS* and other correspondents in London dig up good exclusives, or beats, but are completely stymied. If, once in a blue moon, he succeeds in getting something out before the government is really ready to let it go, he finds himself called upon the carpet and possibly penalized in the future.

What then can he do to justify his existence and display his ingenuity? First, keep his reputation for honesty and his governmental standing at all costs. Then, as H. R. Knickerbocker did, go out and dig up a story like that of Goering, Goebbels, Himmler and all the other Nazis depositing huge sums of money abroad against the possibility of a collapse in Germany.

These stories aren't easy to get but they are there if you do enough digging. The censors could have held that for a week and it wouldn't have made any difference. For Knick got it all alone—a "cold" exclusive and he could well afford to sit back and let the censors make monkeys of themselves.

FRANCE has its Ministry of Information and in general it is more flexible and understanding than the British. Minor French officials are usually approachable and are hardly ever averse to taking an aperitif around the corner just before dinner, which gives the correspondents a chance to get acquainted and jump a few of the official hurdles whenever a crisis arises.

Germany is the strangest country of all, for it has virtually no censorship, in the strict meaning of the word. A correspondent may send out more or less whatever he wants to. The only fly in the ointment is that a special wax recording is made of every outgoing telephone conversation and copies of all wireless and cable messages are turned over to the authorities immediately. Thus, if a correspondent in Berlin sends anything that the authorities do not like, they simply haul him on the carpet, bawl him out, deny him privileges or even in exceptional circumstances, expel him from the country.

In addition, since inception of the Nazi regime the Germans have steamed open every tenth letter leaving the Reich, re-

gardless of its origin. The moment anything out of order is discovered, the sender goes on the suspected list and from that moment onward everything he does or says is recorded in a dossier.

No American correspondent, anxious to serve his newspaper or press association and taking a decently long view of things, is going to risk deportation for the sake of a single rumor or report. He will, if he has a big enough story. He will take all the chances in the world and he knows that we have an airplane ready at the border to get him away in a hurry if need be.

But naturally he is not going to take this extreme risk unless the story justifies it.

Have no illusions regarding the power of the censors. Jimmy Young, our manager in Tokyo, was sent to jail because he went to China and then wrote a series of articles that told the whole truth about Japanese brutality and Japanese setbacks in its attempts to "liquidate" the incident that has grown into a thirty-month war.

WITH the censorships in effect in London and Paris, newspapermen in those two capitals as well have the feeling of continuous hopelessness, of slamming their heads against stone walls.

A shipment of clipper mail received from London recently brought to New York the original versions of cables sent on a munitions plant explosion at Waltham Abbey near London. As finally dispatched after going through the censor's mangle, they had eliminated every mention or clue that the explosion had taken place in an armament factory. What profit could possibly have accrued to the British by eliminating this identification is a mystery to us all.

Yet that is the way censors work.

We long ago abandoned any attempts to use code. In the first place, they are readily discovered and correspondents would be penalized for using them. In addition, they are too much at the mercy of human failings. I recall a famous case when the death of a very prominent man was awaited in a European capital. The correspondent knew that the first news would be censored and held up for hours in transmission, so he arranged with London that when the death occurred, he would shoot through an urgent message asking for \$500. This would be the tip-off that the man had died.

Well, the dying man lingered longer than had been expected and a new correspondent was assigned to take over the relay post in London in the interim. He either didn't know the code or forgot about it, but in any case when the request for money finally came in, he leisurely cabled back:

"How come you want \$500 more? Sent you \$500 just last week."

With the results that these well-laid plans went far awry.

I MENTIONED the name of Courtenay Terrett a while back. Terrett is an old-line reporter, and a crackerjack one, and loves to try and beat the censors by send-

ing messages in Brooklyn slang. He has thus managed to get some material through that might have been stopped otherwise, but, in general, I do not recommend his practice.

This particular correspondent's irrepresible nature, however, was well demonstrated a few days ago when I sent him a number of urgent cables pressing for a certain story that I wanted. His answer, I will admit, took the wind out of my sails and left nothing more to be said.

It was just this:

"Keep your shirt on!"

Before you go sending cables like that to your employer, you had better make sure he has a sense of humor. Frankly, I almost admired Terrett for that one. Finland's temperature had been down in the vicinity of 50 degrees below zero and Russia's bombs had been dropping uncomfortably close. You can afford to be tolerant of a correspondent who produces first-class material under such circumstances—especially when you know he is hard at work.

Foreign correspondents as a whole are top-notchers in every respect—clean, wholesome, reliable and resourceful.

They've got to be.

The world may be their oyster, but you can't open an oyster with your fingernails.

Science

[Concluded from page 4]

understand good science reporting and sound editorial comment on science.

Must the whole world, then, receive an education in physics, chemistry, biology, and geology if science is to be more effectively treated in the press? Hardly. It is not the business of the English department of a college to turn out poets and dramatists or of the history department to make historians of students. English, history, economics are taught as cultural subjects. So should it be with science, some effort at correlating philosophy with physics, chemistry, and biology, some revelation of the manner in which the human mind has progressed in its thinking about matter, trees, stars, the winds, the universe and life since the day when the first primitive savage saw the sun rise out of the east and plunge into the ocean on the western horizon.

There are old cries to be answered—cries that have been wrung from human throats ever since there were brains and voices.

What does it all mean? Why am I here? They are the same old questions. More and more is it the business of science to answer them. And in answering it must of necessity become philosophical.

Give us college and university graduates with this broad philosophic outlook and we shall have more and more science in the newspapers and better presentation. Can't you see the headlines on the front page, if the universities would only forget that science is not made for scientists alone?

How Lord Northcliffe, During World War, Succeeded in



Edward Price Bell

JOURNALISTIC battle-cries now ringing across the Atlantic from Great Britain are a familiar melody to us who were London correspondents and writers from the field during the Great War.

Again the old fight is on between news and no news, between a moderate and rational censorship and a censorship militarily extreme.

The British Press today, like that of the early months of the Great War, is fighting for freedom to function in the interests of the Empire, while the ultra-conservative soldier clings to his immemorial prejudice against the journalist in war.

LORD KITCHENER, that grim fighting man with the wild boar aspect, was then Chief of the War Office. He was also at that moment the military idol of Britain, aloof, austere, virtually absolute.

I managed to gain his presence one morning and asked if he would allow me to go to the Ypres salient, to Field Marshal French's headquarters, as a war correspondent. The look he gave me was a look of incredulity and scorn.

"This is a time," said he, "for you newspaper men to be careful."

Public opinion as a force in the War had no meaning to the hero of Khartum in spite of the fact that he personally owed so much to George Warrington Steevens, author of *With Kitchener to Khartum*, one of the most faithful and brilliant war correspondents who ever lived. Nor was Kitchener by any means alone in this. It was the general aristocratic and official attitude. In war, statesmen and strategists, politicians and commanders, would do it all. It was a time for "newspapermen to be careful."

Trouble thickened. The war was going overwhelmingly against the Allies. French was crying from the Ypres salient to the War Office for high-explosive

Breaking Britain's Journalistic Blackout!

By EDWARD PRICE BELL

shells which he could not get. Northcliffe's guns began to thunder against the journalistic black-out, the news-famine from which British public spirit was perishing. "Our populations cannot fight unless they know," said the great publisher and editor, "and they shall know." Light broke over the Empire like a flood. I went again to Kitchener at the War Office and renewed my request.

"Your credentials," said he, "will reach you by hand today."

PUBLIC opinion aroused by the revelation of the truth, Britain's war effort changed from a sluggish stream to a roaring torrent. The War was no longer an affair of the upper stratum of society. It was an affair of Tom, Dick, and Harry, and Tom, Dick, and Harry battling for their lives. The Empire knew its job and rose with all its might to meet it. The flaming sword of public opinion was in the fight at last.

The price Northcliffe paid for his perspicacity and his moral valor in that struggle for the news was a heavy one. It bore him some way toward his prema-

ture grave. I have known a number of brave men in my time. I never knew a braver one than the Chief of Carmelite House, lord of the *Daily Mail*, lord of the *Times*, one of the really glorious pioneers of modern journalism. His imagination was marvelous, his sagacity not less so.

Very far were the people from wanting the truth when it was given them. The country was thrown into an uproar. It had no idea authority was painting a rosy picture of the Allied position when all the facts were black. It burned to hang Northcliffe as a maniacal traitor. One almost could hear the feet of the masses moving upon London to exact a terrible revenge. In his room at the *Times* I found Northcliffe apparently undisturbed. I felt it doubtful whether I ever again should see him alive.

"The ball is rolling," he said.

"You will remain here?" I asked.

He looked at me curiously.

"Trust the people."

As I studied him, he said bluntly:

"We're only at the beginning of this. Kitchener must go."

[Continued on page 12]

FOREIGN correspondents in England are facing the same problems today that they were during the World War, the preceding article by Barry Faris and this one by Edward Price Bell indicate. The latter is, we suspect, a little known chapter of journalistic history which is especially significant at this time.

Mr. Bell, known as "the friend of Presidents and Premiers" and as a distinguished correspondent who has interviewed more famous statesmen and economists than any other writer in the history of journalism, broke into journalism with a pair of "talented legs" on the *Terre Haute (Ind.) Gazette*, where he learned, among other things, to set the markets by hand, shorthand and telegraphy.

His brilliant career, reviewed briefly, has included in succession: service on the *Indianapolis News*, the *St. Louis Globe Democrat*, the publishing of his own country weekly in *Rosedale, Ind.*, the *Terre Haute Daily News*, the *Evansville (Ind.) Standard* (of which he was city editor and managing editor), *Hanover College*, *Wabash College* (M.A., D.Litt., Phi Beta Kappa), return to *Terre Haute* as managing editor of the *Express*, then to the *Chicago Daily News* and then to Europe as general manager of its special foreign service and its London correspondent (23 years), round-the-world for the *Daily News*, round it again for the *Literary Digest*, then to the lecture platform and finally to free lancing for the world's press from his home in the pines on the Mississippi coast of the Gulf of Mexico.



The Big Goblin
(Halloween, 1939)



The Amateur

JACK PATTON at 15 was a shipping clerk for a big Dallas cotton concern. He probably would be in the cotton business today—and the southwest would have been denied one of its foremost cartoonists—had he not heeded the advice of a Negro porter in the office building where he worked.

"Boy, yo' better git out ob dis bizness," the darky admonished. "Dis cotton lint gits in yo' head and makes de brains rattle."

Many of Patton's closest friends, sent almost into convulsions by his cartoon caricatures or the limitless supply of jokes which he tells with dramatic finesse befitting an Eddie Cantor or a Groucho Marx, will say he didn't "git out ob de cotton bizness" soon enough.

PATTON is one of the few men in the business to put out daily both an editorial



Spence and Dolly

cartoon and a comic strip. His cartoons on the editorial page of the *Dallas Journal* have won him followers throughout the nation.

His realistic, humorous "Spence Easley," which he draws for the *Des Moines Register and Tribune Syndicate*, is fast becoming a favorite in more than 30 leading newspapers in the United States and Canada.

Patton was born in Shreveport, La., March 18, 1900. His Baptist preacher father, who had to work weekdays for Western Union, in addition to his Sunday ministering, to support a wife and 11 children, took the family to Texas when Jack was six years old.

Despite this rather sizable family of his own, Dad Patton also was sure to have an extra plate or two laid on the dinner table for a friend or acquaintance whom he thought in need of a helping hand. They had to buy flour and sugar by the barrel and potatoes by the wagonload in the Patton household. And Jack Patton inherited this generous trait in full measure. Few present a plea to him in vain.

Young Patton's first real job was pedaling a bicycle for Western Union. In fact at one time or another the entire family worked in one capacity or another for the telegraph firm. Jack left the messenger job to go with the cotton company.

JACK PATTON was not born with a pen and drawing board in his hand. He can-

So He Clipped



Jack Patton puts a long day in

How Jack Patton's B Editorial Cartoons a

By WILLIAM TH

not remember even drawing on the parlor wallpaper or the margins of his history books.

He simply took the advice of the fatherly Negro porter, quit the cotton business, and looked around for something else to do.

One day he spied one of those proverbial magazine advertisements offering easy lessons in drawing, made a down payment on the course and paid it off through sale of his early sketches. Then, to augment his meager art training, he scraped together enough money to get to Chicago, and enrolled in the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts.

Patton signed up for a two-year course, remained only two months. To pay for his meals, he washed dishes in a Chicago restaurant, was later promoted to be "manager" of the dishwashing depart-

ed the Coupon



long day in at his drawing board.

's Busy Pen Produces ns and a Comic Strip

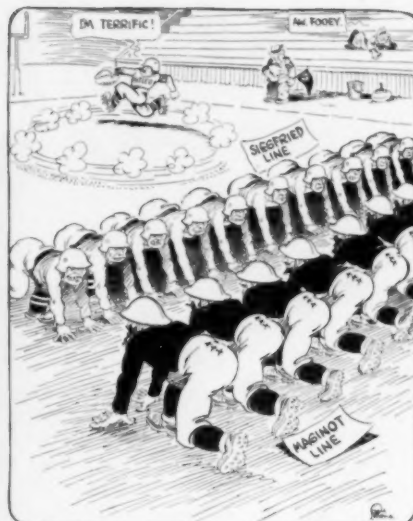
LIAM THOMPSON

ment with the task of inspecting the work of the other washers and re-washing those dishes they failed to properly clean.

It may sound melodramatic to say that Jack Patton secured his first art job by saving a man's life. But it's true. He and his roommate were swimming one day when the friend was seized with cramps. Jack swam to his side, pulled him to safety.

Shortly thereafter, the *Dallas Journal*, in Jack's own home town, needed an art department assistant and asked a Chicago newspaper to suggest someone for the job. The paper contacted the art school and the school offered the place to Jack Patton's friend—the lad he had rescued. The youth accepted the place, then, anxious to show Jack his appreciation for what he had done for him, gave young Patton the job instead.

THE QUILL for April, 1940



Have Never Seen a Game Like This



Drawing the Line

PATTON beat it back to Dallas. His enthusiasm increased when he learned he was to work with the veteran *Dallas Morning News* cartoonist, John Knott. The next few years, even though they were spent at mechanical tasks—making layouts, retouching photographs, inking-in other's work—were happy ones for the budding artist, for he had the benefit of John Knott's advice and eventually the opportunity to do an occasional feature story illustration.

Patton has worked in nearly every medium. He has done numerous oils and has long been in demand as a chalk-talk or crayon artist-entertainer at luncheon clubs or charity bazaars. He seldom has time now, however, for anything but his pen and ink drawings.

Finally, Patton says it was about 1920, he was assigned to do a daily political cartoon for the *Dallas Journal*. He remained on that paper until 1938 when it was merged to form the *Dispatch-Journal*, and he went with the new paper. Now it's just the *Journal* again.

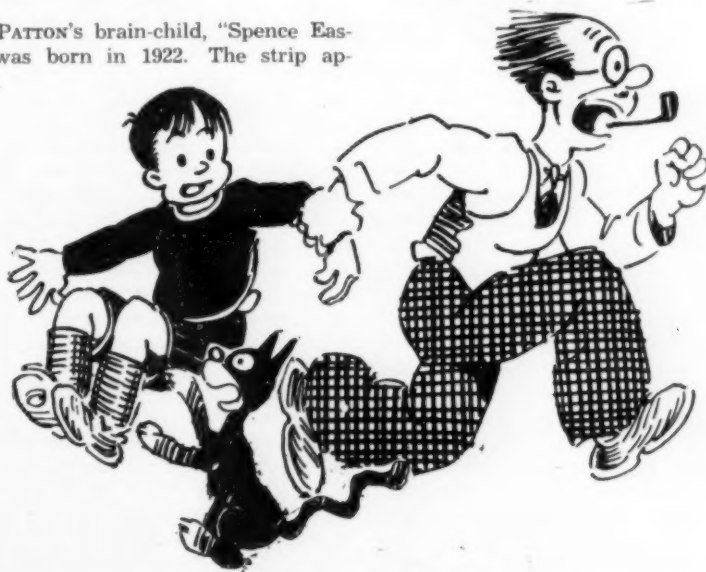
peared for a number of years in the *Dallas Journal* under the title "The Restless Age." Finally other work piled up on Patton to such an extent that he dropped Spence, jellybean de luxe, and it was not until the spring of 1939 that the strip reappeared, this time under the title "Spence Easley."

Ed Reed, daddy of the syndicated "Side Glances" comic feature, had been an embryo cartoonist in Patton's office a few years ago. Patton had encouraged Ed, given him numerous pointers; so when Ed signed with the *De Moines Register* and *Tribune Syndicate* he urged Patton to send the bosses some samples of "Spence."

Patton did so and the syndicate put him under contract.

As for the name "Spence Easley," it suits to a T the easy-going, bespectacled, pipe-smoking lawyer of the comics. Patton coined the cognomen from "spends easily," one of Spence's chief faults—or attributes, as the case may be. Spence and Dolly, with their two offspring, are

JACK PATTON's brain-child, "Spence Easley," was born in 1922. The strip ap-



Spence and Junior

good for a laugh every day throughout the year.

Also, the reader is sure to be fascinated by the humorous signs tacked around the Easley house, or the pictures on the walls and animated bookends on the tables, which threaten to shoot off into the air.

THE only person so far discovered who is not a full-fledged "Spence Easley" fan lives in Cleveland. He is a lawyer in that city with a name so much like that of the comic strip attorney that he objected to a Cleveland newspaper carrying the strip and prevailed upon the editors to cancel it.

Jack says he does not know what it takes to be a successful cartoonist or comic artist, advises practice as a necessity to the beginner. One need, however, know Jack Patton only a short while to recognize that he is a "natural." The idea is the thing, and ideas pop from his fertile brain with the greatest of ease.

He can throw his head back over his chair, carelessly tug at the dark locks of his unruly hair, and presto—an idea. He reminds one of a lot of Andy of the black-face team, the way he pouts up his lips occasionally, screws his face into a thousand forms, puffs incessantly on his stub of a cigar, and draws out his true southern accent.

Today, the office of Jack Patton at the *Journal* is the mecca for hundreds of persons from every walk of life, who come for a chat or just to say "howdy." So filled with talking to visitors are his daylight hours that he is forced to spend nearly every night in his office, bending over his drawing board. Patton likes people, all kinds of people. That is the secret of his success, I think. He is able to portray people as they really are.

A joke he tells on himself, and worth repeating here, is of a woman, a perfect stranger, who came to him one day for advice about her son taking up art study.

"Frankly, he is rather dumb," the



William Thompson

Bill Thompson, who tells the accompanying story of Jack Patton and his work, has been in newspaper work since, at the age of 10, he was editor, advertising manager and carrier of a kid's neighborhood paper called the Belfast Telegraph.

He was graduated from the journalism school of Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas; spent three years in the publicity department of the Texas Centennial and Texas Pan-American Exposition; for the past two years has been an editorial writer for the Dallas Dispatch-Journal, now the *Journal*; and conducts a column, "100 Words."

Interested in education for journalism, he awards the year's outstanding book by or about journalists to the outstanding journalism student in each Dallas high school annually.

mother confided, "and I thought probably he could be a cartoonist."

PATTON is equally at home spending the weekend at the East Texas lodge of a

millionaire friend, or lunching at a corner hot dog stand with a newspaper buddy or a local political satellite. To oil man and youthful art student he is plain "Jack."

In 1934, he was awarded the Dallas Junior Chamber of Commerce cup as the year's outstanding young public servant.

His cartoons have won him acclaim throughout the nation. More to the satirical and humorous, they are never vitriolic or meant to hurt. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Herbert Hoover, John Nance Garner, Hugh S. Johnson and Charles G. Dawes are among the notable Americans who have requested original drawings from him.

Texas' "flour salesman" governor, W. Lee O'Daniel, has lined his office in the Capitol building at Austin with framed Patton cartoons.

His works have been reproduced in numerous American and foreign publications, including the *New York Times*, *Literary Digest*, *Cavalcade* (British weekly), and the *United States News*.

PATTON's chief interest outside his work is his family, consisting of Mrs. Patton and two children, Jackie, aged 11, and Jo Ann, aged 5. Jackie wants to be an air pilot, is an avid reader of all magazines and books he can procure on the subject.

Jo Ann, according to the story Patton tells, was named for a race horse, Fair Jo Ann. It seems Jack won some money on the horse just about the time Jo Ann was born—"Enough to pay for the new baby at the hospital," he explains. Thus the name.

Golf and collecting miniature donkeys, "Jacks," are Patton's hobbies. His work, however, is permitting less and less time for the former.

Jack did a book some years ago, "An Illustrated History of Texas," which is still a big seller.

The philosophy of Jack Patton, cartoonist and lover of people, is often voiced by his creation, Spence: "I'm not mad at anybody!"

Journalistic Blackout [Continued from page 9]

"Kitchener!"

"Most important of all. The politicians have him coerced. He's out of action. Even as a soldier he's no match for French. I'm going to demand his instant removal. He's the nation's god. That's the danger. 'Leave it to Kitchener,' everyone says. And he's presenting victory to the Germans. He takes no notice of French's calls for high explosives. Goes on shipping shrapnel to the Ypres salient. What good is shrapnel against the barbed wire from behind which the Germans are slaughtering our men?"

At dawn the next day Northcliffe's newspaper batteries opened upon the idolized maker of "Kitchener's Army," the Minister for War. The *Times*, the *Daily Mail*, the *Evening News*, every Northcliffe publication joined in the at-

tack. Popular amazement and wrath swept the nation. The offending papers were seized at the book-stalls and in the streets and set ablaze amid the curses of the people. Dignified men trampled and spat upon them on the stone floor of the London Stock Exchange. They were shut out of every library in the land. And the whole country roared:

"To the Tower with him!"

Did Northcliffe run?

Every day he went as usual to his offices. Every day he published the news. I talked with him often in Printing House Square and in Carmelite House. He was pale, unruffled, methodical, his own hands on every vital lever of his vast news-gathering and news-distributing machine. For some deeply mysterious reason the mob let him pass and the heavy hand of the Government did not fall upon him.

Kitchener went. Conscription came. High-explosive shells took the place of shrapnel for the hard-pressed British troops on that awful West Front. The Anzacs were pulled out of that death-trap at Gallipoli. The Northcliffe papers won back their wide welcome at the book-stalls, in the streets, on the Stock Exchange, in the libraries. And no one was calling for the publisher and editor to be sent to the Tower.

Said the Germans:

"The triumph of England's greatest rascal, Northcliffe, is complete."

Of this glowing phase of a great journalist's many achievements for his profession and for his fellow-countrymen much more wants saying. To tell the story adequately would require a good-sized and compactly-written book.

For one thing, because of Northcliffe's remarkable ability and courage, the newspaper man's social status in Britain rose to a point high above its previous

[Concluded on page 16]

Running the Gestapo Gantlet

[Concluded from page 5]

have you been and what have you done since you've been in Germany?"

"I've been most everywhere in the south and west—Munich, Nuremberg, Stuttgart, Frankfurt-au-Main, Karlsruhe, Mannheim, Heidelberg, Kehl (just to walk half way across the Rhine bridge toward France), Cologne. Tomorrow I'm starting out to Königsberg and other parts of East Prussia. You see, I'm not so much interested in their politics as in the working out of their social system. I go to schools, universities, workmen's clubs, hospitals, movie studios, radio studios, these 'Strength through Joy' camps, labor camps, all that sort of thing."

"Ever have words with any one in a Brown uniform?"

"No. Not the slightest. I don't blame the people—even the brown uniformed people—for this thing they've got tied around their necks. I never argue with them—never criticize. Usually, in a new town, I show up at Nazi party headquarters, tell them who I am, take away all the propaganda material they'll dish out to me. Why, I've even lugged 'Mein Kampf' all over Germany—just for the Gestapo to see when they go through my baggage."

"How do you know they go through your baggage?"

"Why, they go through my baggage, sometimes once, sometimes oftener, wherever I stop at a new hotel. I'm used to it. They did that in Italy and Russia. I always leave my baggage unlocked. Every book or paper I have is open for them to see and examine."

"Every paper?" persisted Dr. Dodd. "What about your notes?"

"I hardly ever take notes, but of course, I do put down a few names," I answered.

"What can you have that makes them so sure you are an enemy of their state?"

AN awkward pause on my part while I remembered where and how I had tried to conceal a list of names—with brief data accompanying each—painstakingly collected from many different sources in Germany, chiefly from newspaper friends who, being resident, had a lot of "left-over" information.

"Why, if they are so sure I am an enemy, am I at liberty now?" I asked, while I paused to consider if I should tell the ambassador what I did have in my baggage.

"That is not their technic. They like to play cat to the other's fellow's mouse. At Sassnitz, if they have what it was intimated to me that they have on you, they will take you just as you are about to step on the boat for Sweden. I shall not know for six months or so that you have been arrested. It will take another six months even to get you a hearing. By that time they will have gotten from you your every source of information in Ger-

many. Even if I get you out in the end you will be—well, not much interested in anything!"

By that time I had decided to tell Dr. Dodd that I was compiling a list of the dead in the great Blood Purge of June 30, 1934, with data in each case as to place, manner and time of killing.

"It is much longer than the official government list, longer by a good many names than any other list I have ever seen," I added. "And the story has some amazing sidelights I never have seen in print."

"Where is this list?"

"On rice paper tucked between the folds of maps of various cities I have visited," I replied. "They are only such city maps as every tourist buys. I assumed they would not bother to open them."

"You assumed too much! How would you know if they had been opened or not?"

"Wherever there are notes I pasted the map's pages together just enough so that, if they were opened, I would know it."

"As though they wouldn't notice that and paste them together again! Now let's get to your hotel and destroy that list! I'm going with you—well, to give you prestige—you'll be needing all I can give you before you get out of Germany."

ON the ride to the hotel in the swank embassy car Dr. Dodd told me that in this same Blood Purge, Franz von Papen, now Nazi ambassador to Turkey, had been secretly subject to "house" arrest, which means that guards were posted in his home till the authorities could decide how and when to take him to prison; that an appeal was made to the American envoy to do something to save him; that Dr. Dodd, while he could not intervene, gave von Papen "prestige" in the eyes of the Gestapo by pretending to know nothing of his trouble and sending, to his house, a warmly worded invitation to dinner, written on embassy stationery in his own handwriting.

"You must have dinner with me," he added, archly, "before you leave Germany."

"I shall, IF I am leaving Germany. If I am leaving Germany depends a good deal, doesn't it, on whether we find that list?"

"Oh, we'll find it," he retorted calmly. "They wouldn't alarm you by taking it—especially, when by letting you keep your liberty, they'll have more to confront you with when they spring their evidence on you at Sassnitz."

We found the list, destroyed it, and that very night (since I was now in haste to be out of Germany) I kept my date at the ambassador's dinner table.

The next morning I bought a ticket to Sassnitz, packed my bags and was waiting for a porter to take them to a train when the telephone rang.

A silky voice—which the speaker identified as that of an attaché in the Ministry of Propaganda—announced that its chief, Dr. Goebbels, had just heard I was in Berlin, and would be delighted if I would call on him at 10—the exact time when my train was due to pull out for Sassnitz.

THEN I blew up. For months I had been trying to arrange an interview with Dr. Goebbels, and here his spokesman was telling me "he had just heard" I was in Germany. I blew up, in language—violent, direct, undiplomatic.

"I am leaving Germany within the hour!" I yelled at the telephone. "Not to see Adolf Hitler himself would I delay my going by one day, one hour or one minute. I am sick of your spying! I am sick of Germany! I am sick of everything and everybody in Germany. It's near Christmas and I'm going home!"

The sleek voice had something of the chill of a steel blade as it retorted, "All right, Mr. American Newspaperman. Well, a pleasant journey!"

Then, as an apparent afterthought, came the words, each edged with deadly emphasis, "A pleasant journey—to Sassnitz!"

At Sassnitz, with my Swedish steamer puffing thin spirals of smoke a few hundred feet away, the usual frontier guards boarded the train. With them were two S. S. men (Hitler Guards) in black uniforms, with the death's head, in silver, above the visors of their natty caps. The Swedish companion in my compartment was visibly awed when they paused at our door.

"I have only the regulation amount of German currency," he hastened to explain. "You can search everything I have."

The S. S. men, smiling suavely, told him: "We are not interested in you. We are searching this gentleman's baggage, if you please—for German currency."

And did they search! Finally they came to the maps, shook each open, stared at the nothing between their folds. Stared at each other. Stared at me. It seemed several eternities before one spoke.

"You may go to your ship," he said. "We are extremely sorry if we have discommoded you."

FROM Tralleborg, Sweden, the next morning, I called the United States embassy, as per agreement with my host of the night before, by long distance telephone.

"R. Gore," I announced when Dr. Dodd came on the wire, "reporting that in a few minutes he'll be catching a train for Gothenburg and a steamer there to America. Okay?"

"Okay," came the answer. "Okay and three cheers, Merry Christmas and all kinds of luck. I am crossing you off my Worry List right now. But, if you don't mind, don't ever come back to Germany again. Not while I'm ambassador here. Do you hear? Never come back!"

But I never did get to see Dr. Dodd again—in America or anywhere else.

THE WRITE OF WAY

By William A. Rutledge III

THE BOOK BUSINESS Part II

THE first part of this discussion on the book business, wherein I reported that many of the book publishers demanded guarantees and financial backing from the author drew an emphatic challenge from Lawrence A. Keating, of Milwaukee, Wis.

"In ten years of free lancing in fiction I have never been approached to invest one penny in a book manuscript or to promise the purchase of even one copy. If a script has merit, it has more chance of publication today than at any time in history. All the recognizable general publishers are eager to sink their money in any ms. they think people will buy in book form," he said.

We hope, indeed, that Keating is right and that the door is open for manuscripts of merit to climb into print without any bankrolling on the part of the author. Personally, I have never submitted a book-length manuscript of my own. But, I did speak from some degree of familiarity with the field from the standpoint of having acted as agent for at least four nationally known personages, at their request.

In the editorial offices of several book publishers I was told that the business is adjusted to a known and slightly varying group of "book-buyers" in the country. Publishers can anticipate to some extent just what will appeal to this group and how strongly. The public-at-large, I was told, does not enter into the usual calculations because it buys too few books.

When this book public takes a liking to an author, he can come back with ease with additional volumes. The book public can be approached by the author from other standpoints—such as speaking before women's clubs, luncheon clubs, etc.

NEWSPAPERMEN are prone to nurse the conviction that their mere experiences are of gripping interest to the reading pub-

lic. Hence, the veritable tradition of the profession that each practitioner is looking forward to the day when he can take the time to write the Great American Novel. These experiences in newspapering are likely to become valuable literature only as they assume significance in portraying a segment of American life or a significant situation of the national scene. These experiences should be novelized—utilized as background material.

One of the most conspicuous examples of this was the highly successful book of recent years, "I Cover the Waterfront" by a San Francisco newspaperman who had been assigned to the wharf beat for many years. He wove a story out of what he had observed on this beat. Margaret Mitchell, whose prodigious "Gone With the Wind" is still the toast of the reading public, was a feature writer on an Atlanta newspaper. When she became a housewife, she turned her reportorial talent into reporting the story of an Atlanta family during the Civil War period.

On the other hand, there are many successful book writers who had little or no experience in newspaper work. Harold Bell Wright was a preacher who had to go out West for his health. Lloyd Douglas was a minister who took up writing in his spare time.

Authorship of a published book adds a touch of glamor and a splash of prestige to a writer as nothing else can. The book field is as varied as the newspaper, magazine, radio, or movies.

As our parting comment on this subject, may we urge that those with book manuscripts ascertain from the publishers whom they contact just what will be expected of them beyond the ms. itself. We heartily agree with Mr. Keating that any ms. of merit should not necessitate one cent of backing from the author; nor should he be obligated to buy a single copy.

Contests

The Macmillan Company announces a competition for the best garden book manuscript by an author who has not published a garden book previously. The award will be \$1,000.00; \$500.00 of which will be an outright payment, and \$500.00 an advance against royalties.

The competition will close Nov. 30, 1940, and the award will be announced Jan. 2, 1941. The final judges of the contest will be Carol Fleming, Channel Bookshop, New York City; Elizabeth Hall, Librarian, New York Botanical Garden; and H. S. Latham, Vice President and Editor of the Macmillan Company.

Brochures giving the conditions of the contest, together with entry blanks, may be secured from Prize Garden Book Competition, the Macmillan Company, 60 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The Houghton Mifflin Co. announces a new series of books to be entitled "Life in America." Awards of \$2,500 each will be made for books accepted for publication in this series. The announcement states:

"A prize-winning manuscript may be the life story of a man or woman of any profession, business, or occupation whatsoever. It may be written in the first person by the subject of the book, it may be the biography of someone of this or an earlier generation, or it may deal with some important aspect of America as expressed in the lives of its people. The only qualification is that it shall definitely contribute to the understanding of our country by presenting a true and vivid account of Life in America.

"To save the writer's time by eliminating ineligible manuscripts, we invite any applicant for a prize to submit an outline and partial manuscript to the Editor of the Life-in-America series for editorial advice and preliminary opinion as to its eligibility. These partial manuscripts must be not less than 5,000 words in length and must be accompanied by a signed application form, unless such application has already been made. This preliminary opinion will in no way commit us in awarding the prizes.

"To each author whose completed manuscript is selected for the Life-in-America series, \$2,500.00 will be paid at the time of acceptance. One-half of this sum will be an outright honorarium; the other half will be an advance against royalties, which will be paid at the rate of 10 per cent of the retail price of the book for the first 2,500 copies sold; 12½ per cent for the next 2,500; and 15 per cent thereafter. All rights in each prize-winning book are to be assigned to Houghton Mifflin Company, but with the understanding that the author is to receive 85 per cent of the net proceeds from the sale, if any, of the first serial, foreign, dramatic, motion picture, or radio rights, and 50 per cent of the net proceeds from the sale of the second serial rights or from the sale of the work to a book club or similar organization.

"In addition to the prize winners, we expect to receive many manuscripts not quite suitable for this series but which we shall be glad to publish on the customary terms. Manuscripts may be submitted at any time and will be considered in order of their receipt. A public announcement will be made whenever a prize is awarded. This offer will terminate on Jan. 1, 1942, but will be subject to renewal at the publishers' discretion. Inquiries and manuscripts should be addressed to Life-in-America Editor, Houghton Mifflin Company, 2 Park St., Boston, Mass.

Advertising Age is attempting to develop practical, workable ideas for bringing advertisers and consumers together by offering \$1,000 in cash prizes for the best programs for improving relationships between advertisers and consumers.

The competition is open to everyone, in or out of the advertising field. It may be entered by individuals, by two or three people working together, or by advertising clubs or any other organized group which desires to make a group study of the subject. Educators, housewives, and just plain consumers may enter as well as men and women in any phase of advertising, publishing or business.

For the best plan submitted, in the opinion of an impartial jury to be announced later, *Advertising Age* will pay \$500 in cash; for the plan judged second best, the award will be \$250; for the plan considered third best, \$150 will be given, and the fourth best plan will be awarded a \$100 prize.

There are no rules of any kind to follow, with the single exception that all entries must be mailed or delivered to the Contest Secretary, *Advertising Age*, 100 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, not later than midnight, May 31.

How Can Weekly Newspapers Get More Advertising?

Every available survey, statement or practical demonstration pointing the way toward increased lineage—foreign, local or classified—is analyzed in *THE AMERICAN PRESS* magazine, the only magazine devoted primarily to the advertising problems of small town newspapers. **Subscription only \$1.00 a year.**

THE AMERICAN PRESS 225 W. 39th St., New York

Collegiate America Speaks

[Concluded from page 6]

called for about three male opinions to two from women.

In December, 1938, Student Opinion Surveys of America was established when Belden dispatched his first ballots. Invitations to participate, at a cost of \$2 for the school year, were sent to college newspapers of known excellence in each of the six geographical divisions. Of these, 86 papers accepted.

The Surveys' first question asked this: "Should the United States offer a haven in this country for Jewish refugees from Central Europe?" When the results were tabulated, 68.8 per cent of the students had voted "No."

TODAY, Student Opinion Surveys has grown to a membership of nearly 150 papers, with more expected to join this spring. The whole process of sampling the opinions of a million-and-a-half college students has been stepped up. At the first of each month, the ballots are sent to each of the member papers. These are then turned over to the staff member appointed to handle the interviewing, who conducts his campus poll according to detailed written instructions from the Surveys' office. Among other things, these directions ask the interviewer to read the question exactly as worded, watch the tone of the voice in order to keep from suggesting an answer, and to refuse to explain any question.

The ballot form, revised since its inception, is a paragon of compactness. It consists of two sheets: the questions for the month are listed at the top of the first page, and instructions for the number and kind of students to be interviewed are given on the second. Divided horizontally, the sheets provide for answers to as many as 11 questions from each person interviewed. At the extreme bottom of the second sheet is space for totaling of the answers.

When the interviewer has finished his work (deadlines are stamped on each ballot) he sends it back to the Texas office. Here Belden's staff, now numbering five NYA workers, tabulates the results by machine. Within a week these results, written into concise news-stories, are back in the hands of each member editor. The Surveys releases its polls every Friday.

For the most part, Belden tries to assemble around 3,000 answers to each question. With this year's enlargement in membership, editors are now responsible for not more than 25 interviews per month. Last year, they were asked for a maximum of 60.

Consisting as it does of human cogs, the Surveys' machinery necessarily slips on occasion, and tuning-up is needed. Once, when a Middle Atlantic school failed to turn in its results, Belden wired several New York schools for additional interviews to complete the sample. Within twenty-four hours, he had the results.

Today, though more efficient and almost doubled in size, Student Opinion Surveys remains fundamentally the same as at its inception. A little dressing-up has been done, however. The membership fee has been raised from \$2 to \$5, because the previous sum proved too small to pay bare expenses. With the fee increase, member papers now get 45 per cent more reports than last year. Only other major change has been a refinement in the sample. The Surveys is now operating with slightly varied sectional percentages, based on latest figures from the United States Office of Education.

THE Surveys, unlike the American Institute of Public Opinion or the *Fortune* survey, cannot compare its results with actual election figures as a check on accuracy. But it can compare its results with the findings of these two polls, both of which have established their accuracy, in determining whether its trends are following public opinion trends in parallel. When comparisons have been made, the Surveys has acquitted itself handsomely. For instance, during the period from December, 1938, to January, 1939, President Roosevelt's popularity increased 2.5 per cent as measured by Dr. Gallup's poll, and 2.7 per cent in the Surveys, a very close parallel.

Another check has been to apply local University of Texas polls to student election results. On a Student President election, the Surveys' poll predicted the vote within 2.1 per cent; and on a *Daily Texan* editor election, within 4.7 per cent. Similarly, a campus vote on compulsory Wassermann examinations was predicted with a difference of only 4.4 per cent.

"There is no way," Belden says, "to prove our accuracy by checking the student polls with national elections. But from the research we have done, the methods we are using, and the tests we have had, it is safe to say that the Surveys is coming pretty close to presenting a composite picture of the American college mind. From the beginning, we have made a definite effort to make this not a sectional or a partial poll of the schools of the nation, but a poll that would cover them all. Compared with the many, many other haphazard college polls that are born and die every year, the Student Opinion Surveys is very accurate in its findings.

"But again, you will find that the science of public opinion measurement is not an exact one. In other words, we are not attempting to give the number of students, to three decimal places, who would go to war tomorrow. That is impossible. We are attempting to find *trends* of student opinion more than anything else, because students are growing people whose opinions are bound to change very rapidly."

THE questions for each poll are selected about a month before release. Then, just as Dr. Gallup's Institute of Public Opinion and the *Fortune* poll examine the wording of their questions, they are tested in the University of Texas poll for "neutral meaning." There, the questions are worded in two different ways. If sizeable differences between the two wordings appear in the results, the question is called in for re-wording.

For the most part, Belden mixes his questions evenly from three broad classifications: college life and education, social and economic, and national and international. On the side of college life, students decided by a majority of 60 per cent in a May, 1939, poll that education is not meeting present day needs. On social questions, they are consistently more liberal than their elders. Six out of ten confess that they drink. In a February, 1939, poll 80 per cent of the men students declared that they would not volunteer if the United States went to war for other reasons than defense of the country. Today, in the face of European events, only 58 per cent say "No."

"There," Belden says, "lies the greatest strength of the Surveys: in charting trends of student opinion—how collegians follow national public opinion—how they change their attitudes (as measured by other polls) after they leave college—and what in education makes them take the views they do."

The Surveys makes money for no one, not even Belden. The \$5 fee assessed each member pays only for current expenses, postage and tabulating. Texas Student Publications, Inc., sponsors of the project, furnishes office space, utilities and equipment. The NYA workers comprise Belden's entire staff at the home office.

Belden, now a graduate student at the University, has lived much of his life in Monterrey, Mexico. In addition to his work on the Surveys, he is now employed in the University library as a translator of the Spanish Archives. He came to the campus in 1934, after attending high school in Eagle Pass, Texas, just across the line. He has worked as reporter, sports editor, and associate editor of the *Texan*. In the spring of 1938 he was a candidate for editor. He served his term as president of the University Sigma Delta Chi chapter during the school year of 1937-38.

DEAN M. LYLE SPENCER (Washington Professional) of the School of Journalism at Syracuse University has accepted appointment as a member of the Oriental Culture Summer College of Tokyo for the 1940 session. As a member of the Summer College faculty, Dean Spencer will deliver four lectures on American Journalism. He will tour the Japanese islands and Manchukuo as a guest of the college. Dean Spencer will leave Syracuse the latter part of June en route to Japan via San Francisco and will return to the campus the first of September. In 1937 Dean Spencer spent six months establishing the department of journalism at the American university in Cairo, Egypt.

Kiper's Kolumn

By JAMES C. KIPER

Executive Secretary,
Sigma Delta Chi

THE Iowa State College chapter has been adjudged tops among all undergraduate units of Sigma Delta Chi for the college year 1938-39, and as winner of the Chapter Efficiency Contest the chapter will receive the F. W. Beckman trophy.

Picked as the chapter doing the best possible job under local conditions, the Iowa State group scored 84 1/3 out of a possible 95 per cent. Strength of program, membership, condition of records and finances, and relations with the national office are the points upon which the chapters were judged.

Ranking in the next 11 highest positions were: second, Minnesota and Northwestern, tied, 80; third, Wisconsin, 79 1/3; fourth, Oregon and South Dakota State, tied, 78 2/3; fifth, Pennsylvania State, 78; sixth, Kansas, 77; eighth, Butler, 75; ninth, Oregon State, 74 1/3; tenth, Southern Methodist, 73 1/3; eleventh, Syracuse and Marquette, tied, 73; twelfth, North Dakota, 71.

The No. 1 chapter scored 60 out of a possible 65 per cent on program, which included the publication of a Personnel Book setting forth the qualifications of journalism seniors (mailed to prospective employers); conducting "Journalism Open House" attended by visiting editors and publishers; published humor magazine, *Green Gander*; presented two silver trophies at Iowa Press association meeting to newspapers cited for outstanding community service; awarded gold watch to the student judged to have contributed the most to campus journalism; assisted department in conducting the annual Iowa High School Press association's meeting on campus; awarded six trophies to Iowa high school editorial and advertising workers; held 10 professional meetings featuring visiting prominent journalists; contributed \$150 to start the Blair Converse Memorial Loan Fund for journalism students.

The judges of the contest were Elmo Scott Watson, SDX national president editor of the *Publishers' Auxiliary* and lecturer at the Medill School of Journalism, Northwestern University; George A. Brandenburg, chairman of the SDX executive council; and Irving Dilliard, SDX vice-president in charge of undergraduate affairs and editorial writer on the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

THE COLORADO chapter last month sponsored a student-faculty open forum for the discussion of the present journalism curriculum and possible changes, and job-getting problems. Prof. Ralph L. Crosman, head of the department, has asked that the forums be continued as a

means of bringing faculty and student body more closely together. . . . William S. Pryor (Grinnell '33), formerly with the *United Press* in New York City, spoke at a professional meeting of the IOWA chapter April 13. . . . The INDIANA chapter will announce the winners of its Tall Story Contest May 2 at its Gridiron dinner. The chapter recently sponsored an "open house" meeting for all journalism students. Eugene Cadou (Indiana '17), chief of the Indianapolis *INS* bureau, was guest speaker. . . . The SOUTH DAKOTA STATE chapter sponsored the selection of the college's "Dream Girl" in connection with its annual Reporter's Raffle March 30. The girl will be entered in a national contest sponsored by a film company.

The Anamosa (Ia.) *Journal* was the first winner of an annual award for typographical excellence in the weekly or semi-weekly field recently established by the IOWA chapter. The paper also won the IOWA STATE chapter's third place award for service to agriculture in its community. The paper announced its recognition with a full-page "advertisement" to readers. The awards were presented April 5 at the Iowa Press association meeting in Des Moines.

The KANSAS STATE chapter sponsored a reception banquet March 29 in honor of the college's new head football coach, "Hobbs" Adams. Newspaper editors, sportswriters and radio men were guests.

Britain's Blackout

[Concluded from page 12]

extremely modest level. For once journalism began to be regarded, if not as a learned profession such as law, medicine, theology, at least as a very powerful instrumentality of modern civilization.

AN illustration of what happened to working newspapermen I take from my own experience. As late as 1914 some of us went to report an Anglo-American society event in Mayfair. By a doorman plumaged like a macaw we were directed to the basement. We saw a sign, "Food downstairs." We waited for the news in the servants' quarters (not that it was a bad place nor inhabited by bad people), the personages upstairs, quarantining themselves effectually against us.

That was before England awoke to what the Press meant in the War.

King George V, Queen Mary, the Princess Mary (later the wife of Viscount Lascelles), and the Prince of Wales (to be King Edward VIII for a time) were among those quick to note the real meaning of news in war. Their alertness and vision in most things indeed probably were unequalled in Europe. The husband and father led them all, I think, in astuteness and wisdom. Our Ambassador to London, George Harvey, for example, told me more than once he considered

SDX Calendar

DES MOINES, Ia.—May 3. All-Iowa Founders' Day meeting, sponsored by the DRAKE and DES MOINES chapters. Barry Faris (Cornell Professional), editor-in-chief of *International News Service*, New York, and SDX executive councilor, will be principal speaker.

DETROIT, Mich.—Luncheon meetings held every Thursday, 12:00 m., Cafe Old Madrid. George Taubeneck (Illinois '30), editor, *Electrical Refrigeration News*, is president.

FRED W. "P." KENNEDY (Washington Professional), manager of the Washington Newspaper Publishers association, Seattle, is convalescing from a serious illness at La Jolla, Calif. He has been ill since the Christmas holidays, when he attended the bi-annual gathering of teachers of journalism in the Pacific states at Stanford University. Kennedy has been faculty adviser to the University of Washington chapter of Sigma Delta Chi continuously since its installation in 1911.

HYMAN CHESTER (Colorado '37) has resigned from the North Platte (Neb.) *Daily Bulletin* to join the staff of the Belvidere (Ill.) *Daily Republican*.

HAROLD E. GREEN (Northwestern Professional), associate editor for the *National Underwriter* and associated papers, has resigned and has purchased the *Business Journalist*. His headquarters will be in Wieboldt Hall on the Chicago campus of Northwestern university.

the King's mind the wisest political mind in the world.

"An invitation from the Lord Chamberlain," said my secretary, Miss Alice Archer, handing me a card in my London office one afternoon.

The Lord Chamberlain was the Chief Officer of the Royal Household, and my curiosity was probably as great as Miss Archer's. I was wanted at Buckingham Palace in company with five of my American colleagues to "give the Royal Family the pleasure of meeting members of the American Press." That is what the card said.

Six of us put on our morning-suits, top-hats, and patent leather shoes and went to tea with Royalty at Buckingham Palace. The King, the Queen, the girlish and beautiful Princess, and the shy, intelligent Prince gave us a happy and memorable afternoon.

I will not say they were better human souls than we met in the servants' quarters in Mayfair, but they were just as good. And it was the first time in British history that Royalty formally had recognized the Press as a social institution. You well may believe it seemed to me a very far cry from my interview with Kitchener at the War Office to this day in the friendly family circle of the King and Queen!

WHO · WHAT · WHERE

FREDERICK J. NOER (Wisconsin '33), editor the past seven years of *Collegiate Digest*, rotogravure picture section distributed with college newspapers, resigned, effective March 15 to join the sales staff of the Indianapolis Engraving Company, Indianapolis, Ind. He will work particularly with the school and college year-book field.

WILLIAM GRANT PARR (Nebraska '36) is teaching advertising at the American University, Cairo, Egypt. He is adviser for the university newspaper, the *Campus Caravan*.

THOMAS SARTELL (Minnesota '39) left the staff of the Thief River Falls (Minn.) *Times* in February to become city editor of the Granite Falls (Minn.) *Tribune*.

ALBERT G. PRESTON, JR. (Cornell '35), who has been traveling through South America since last September, will return to his home in Buffalo, N. Y., in mid-summer.

JOSEPH F. CARAHER (Washington State '33) has been elected Secretary of the State College of Washington Alumni Association to succeed W. CALVIN PHILLIPS (Washington State '32), who resigned to enter the Yale University school of law. REUBEN C. YOUNGQUIST (Washington State '28) is president of the college's alumni association.

DAVID E. DEXTER, JR. (Missouri '37) is associated editor of *Downbeat* magazine. He worked on the Kansas City (Mo.) *Journal-Post* for two years following graduation and before going with *Downbeat*.

WILLIAM LYNDE (Missouri '40), graduated in January, is now editor of the Crane (Mo.) *Chronicle*, a weekly.

JOHN SPAULDING (Grinnell ex-'39), recently with the *United Press* in Chicago and Des Moines, and RICHARD KUNKEL of the Michigan City (Ind.) *News-Dispatch*, will leave Chicago April 1 on their way to New Orleans where they will board a freighter for Latin and South America. They will travel along the west coast of the continent principally, and have arranged to free lance articles to several newspapers and magazines.

EMERY H. RUBY (Drake Professional), head of the department of journalism at Drake University, Des Moines, Ia., began a six months' leave of absence Feb. 3 during which time he will do research work for *Time* magazine in New York City. ROBERT W. ROOT (Iowa State '36), staff writer for the Des Moines *Register and Tribune* and lecturer in journalism, is serving as acting head of the department in Ruby's absence.

PAUL TEETOR (Northwestern Professional), who has served as assistant and managing editor of the *Rotarian* magazine for the past eight years, became business and advertising manager of the publication on Jan. 1. He will retain some of his former editorial duties. LELAND D. CASE (Northwestern Professional) is editor and manager of the *Rotarian*.

EDGAR F. WILSON (Drake '31) is conducting his own business in Des Moines, Iowa—the Edgar F. Wilson Magazine Sub-

scription Agency. Wilson started this business in 1924 while a student in high school. He entered the magazine field when nine years old selling single copies of six major publications.

JAMES B. HATCHER, well-known journalist-philatelist, has been appointed editor of the New York *Journal-American's* "Stamp Review." Mr. Hatcher formerly was stamp editor for the *Associated Press* Feature Service in New York. His weekly column appeared in more than 100 newspapers throughout the country. He has acted as judge at several stamp shows and is the author of numerous articles on philately.

PAUL T. DEVORE, associate editor of the *Montana Farmer*, Great Falls, Mont., since 1935, has been appointed assistant general agricultural development agent of the Great Northern Railway Co., with headquarters in St. Paul, Minn. A graduate of Montana State University's school of journalism in 1926, DeVore served as statehouse reporter for the Helena (Mont.) *Independent* for two and a half years; agricultural and industrial reporter for the Great Falls (Mont.) *Tribune* for five years and assistant director of publications at Montana State College, Bozeman, for one year.

Rozelle May Brown was born at San Francisco Children's Hospital Jan. 26, 1940, to WILFRED BROWN (Oregon '28), San Francisco bureau manager of Transradio Press Service, and ELINOR HENRY BROWN, Oregon '34, winner of SDX scholarship award. Rozelle May is the first girl born into a Transradio Press family since the news service was started six years ago. After 40 consecutive boys, she made quite an impression. Brown was transferred to San Francisco last summer, after service in Transradio's New York and Chicago bureaus.

Uncle Sam Wants Writers

QUILL readers with specialized interpretative writing or radio experience will be interested in a new series of examinations for Information Specialists just announced by the United States Civil Service Commission. Salaries range from \$2,600 for Assistant up to \$5,600 for Principal Information Specialist.

Optional specializations are to be permitted in Conservation, Economics, Sociology, Social Welfare, Agriculture, Aeronautics, Public Health, Forestry, and Education.

Applications must be in the hands of the Commission at Washington, D. C., by May 6, 1940, or by May 9 if you live in Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, Utah, Washington, or Wyoming.

Full details may be obtained by writing to the Commission in Washington.

JOHN F. HARTZELL (Missouri '39) has joined the staff of the Stroudsburg (Pa.) *Record* as a reporter.

EUGENE C. GLASGOW (Minnesota '21) April 1 became publicity director for the Chicago Real Estate Board. Former public relations counsel for a financial corporation, he is a past president of the Advertising Club of Minneapolis.

MORRIS B. PENNER (Missouri '38) is now on the staff of the San Antonio (Texas) *Express*, and writes a Sunday column called "Pickups."

FRANK A. PETRIE (Ohio State '25), formerly of the publicity department of the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, O., has joined the staff of the Electrograph Co., Detroit, where he will edit *Nash Preview* and Goodyear's *It's News*, two of the customer magazines produced by the Detroit concern.

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FREDERICK E. MURPHY (Minnesota Professional), 67, publisher of the Minneapolis (Minn.) *Tribune*, died Feb. 14 in a New York hotel from complications growing out of a cold. Murphy, a director of the *Associated Press*, was widely known as a champion of diversified agriculture. He was president of the Manistique Pulp and Paper Company and the Manistique Light and Power Company, affiliates of the Minneapolis *Tribune*.

HAMLIN GARLAND (Illinois Professional), 79, known as the "Dean of American Letters," died at his home in Hollywood March 4 of a cerebral hemorrhage. Garland was completing the final chapter of a book, "The Fortunate Exile," describing his ten years in Southern California, and had instructed his family that he wanted it published only after his death. His novels included "A Son of the Middle Border," "A Daughter of the Middle Border," and "Forty Years of Psychic Research."

CHARLES H. PRISK (Southern California Professional), 64, editor and publisher of the Pasadena (Calif.) *Star-News* since 1904, died March 4 from a complication of ailments. Prisk had always been acclaimed by fellow newspaper men and citizens for fairness, honesty, interest in and helpfulness to people of all walks of life. In 1930 he received the Arthur Noble award for outstanding civic service to Pasadena.



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Courts That Court Contempt

WHAT protection will the American people have against the failures and evils of their courts if the newspapers are prevented by gag, intimidation or coercion from criticising them when criticism is due?

The question is provoked by the action of State Circuit Judge Thomas J. Rowe, of St. Louis, against the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and two members of its staff.

The action was based on two editorials and a cartoon which had appeared in the *Post-Dispatch* criticizing the judge for dismissing without trial a \$10,000 extortion charge against State Representative Edward M. Brady. Judge Rowe found the Pulitzer Publishing Co., publisher of the *Post-Dispatch*, Ralph Coghlan, editor of the editorial page, and Daniel R. Fitzpatrick, cartoonist guilty of contempt. The company was fined \$2,000; Coghlan, sentenced to 20 days in jail and fined \$200, and Fitzpatrick sentenced to 10 days and fined \$100.

WE know nothing of the particulars of the case itself. But if the *Post-Dispatch*, its publisher and staff, felt that its handling and the dismissal without trial of the charges merited criticism we're confident, nay certain, that Judge Rowe had coming to him everything they directed against him—and probably more.

Newspapers and newspapermen generally know a lot more than they print. They know the motives, political or otherwise, that sometimes influence court action. They know as much, often more, about the case before the court than the court itself and they know if there has been a miscarriage of justice. If they do not cry out when such circumstances arise, who will?

By and large, the courts have and deserve the respect of the communities they serve. But now and then a Manton or one of his stamp comes along who trades decisions for votes or financial gain, whose court actions are based on his personal or political ties rather than on the merits of the cases before him.

Shall a newspaper with a sense of public obligation and responsibility—and there are plenty of them despite the critics who have sought to tear down the journalistic structure—be forced to hold its tongue so's to speak when it sees situations of this sort?

Some of them may be silenced by threats of contempt proceedings and the possibility of jail sentences and fines—but not many.

One of the blessings of a free press in America is that a goodly portion of the newspapers and the men responsible for their editing and publishing **WILL** still speak out. When the day comes they dare not voice their criticism, their opinions, their suggestions or findings in regard to an administration, its leading figures or the courts, America will no longer be a democracy—it will be in the grip of forces as ruthless as those who precipitated the present European turmoil.

THERE is no denying that a Judge may be entirely within his rights to find in contempt an unwilling witness or anyone else interfering with the administration of justice in the courtroom. There is justification for holding in contempt a newspaper which seeks to try a case in the headlines or to influence a court when a case is in progress.

But press and public must unite to see that the courts shall not be permitted to throttle any comment or criticism of a case after a Judge has made his decision. The courts should be above contempt—but if a judge has it coming, he should be as open to criticism as any other public official.

We feel the press can be proud of and the public be thankful for the editorial signed by Joseph Pulitzer, editor of the *Post-*

**AS
WE VIEW
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Dispatch which appeared after Judge Rowe's recent action.

The editorial, declaring that the paper would not be "intimidated, shackled or gagged," went on to add:

"If a newspaper is to be gagged by being haled into court to answer a charge of contempt whenever a judge has felt the sting of editorial criticism, that means the end of the power of the press to tell the people about the failures and evils of their courts. That means the end of the freedom of the press."

"We do not believe that American courts or American people will accept such a revolutionary departure from American principle. On behalf of American newspapers in general, big and little, rich and poor, powerful and obscure, we accept this challenge."

"The *Post-Dispatch* will continue honestly, fairly and sincerely to criticize the courts."

Congratulations!

SINCERE congratulations to the 15 newspapermen who have been selected for this year's Nieman Fellowships. Theirs is a real opportunity and they and the newspapers they serve are to be congratulated on their selection.

They will return to their respective journalistic duties better equipped to face the future, and, we feel sure, filled with a desire to keep abreast of the changing times, more aware than ever of the responsibilities that are theirs and journalism's.

This year there were 221 applicants for the fellowships. That speaks well for the newspapermen of the country. Two hundred and twenty-one of them so felt the urge for advancement, the need of further training for the work ahead, that they sought one of the appointments.

Anything that stimulates the newspapermen of the country to the realization further training and study will aid them in their jobs is good for them individually and for journalism as a whole, and that, apparently, was one of the aims of the foundation.

Fifteen newspapermen can have the rare opportunity offered at Harvard. Hundreds who can't have that opportunity can better fit themselves for the tasks ahead by study in local colleges or universities.

Science Strides

THOUGH there is still plenty of room for improvement in relations between science and the press—and in the attention of the press to significant scientific achievements—the situation is much better than it was but a few years ago when a story of a scientific meeting usually meant a kidding sort of yarn misusing a lot of scientific words or terms.

Waldemar Kaempffert's forecast in this issue of *THE QUILL* that the newspapers of tomorrow are likely to devote at least two pages to important scientific stories and to have staffs of at least a half dozen well trained science writers, all with Ph.D. degrees, may seem a little exaggerated to some who read it.

Maybe he is being a bit too optimistic—but this newspaper of tomorrow we're all thinking and talking about is apt to contain a lot of surprises and two pages of science news may very well be one of them.

Meanwhile, all credit to Waldemar Kaempffert, the men of the *Associated Press*' science staff, Watson Davis and others who are striving so diligently to make newspapers and newspaper readers science-conscious and to interpret scientific advances in terms that the man of the street will understand and appreciate.

AT DEADLINE

[Concluded from page 2]

ular Jack felt nothing should appear that wasn't up to the established standard. But Boyd never complained about the culls—he just kept pounding out pieces and mailing them in.

ONE afternoon Jack looked up to see a smiling youth at his desk. He blinked at the youth without recognition.

"I'm Boyd Simmons," the caller announced.

"Sit down, I'm glad to see you," greeted Jack. They talked for several minutes and then Boyd said, hesitantly, "How does a guy get to work on the *Detroit News*?"

Jack told him that the paper took no one except a graduate of a recognized school of journalism or a man who had had six years' experience on a smaller paper.

"Phew," said Boyd. "I'm not going to college but I want to work on the *News*."

He didn't seem crushed by the odds—nor was he. He kept right on writing pieces for the column.

THEN, in 1937, after about a six months' silence, Jack received a postal from Boyd. "I'm in the middle of the sit-down strike at Cadillac," it read, "which explains why you haven't heard from me lately."

Knowing Boyd's sense of humor and writing ability, Jack went to the city editor and suggested someone probably could get a good interview from him. A reporter was sent out to get the interview—but Boyd evidently saw the door opening—for he wrote his own interview.

And he did such a good job of it that it landed on Page One the next day under his by-line. It was good—so good that it brought Boyd a job with the *News* a few days later.

Because of his contact with the sit-down situation, Boyd's cubbing on the *News* was on the labor beat. Somewhere along the line he found time to enter night school and tackle some college work. He grew steadily in reportorial ability. Last fall he decided to seek one of the Nieman Fellowships, and, as has been recorded, he was one of the successful 15 to receive recognition, the first working-in-Michigan candidate to be accepted.

Next fall he'll enter Harvard to study subjects pertaining to labor relations and economics. And the best wishes of scores—including those of this department—will go with him. And that, gentlemen, is the story to date of a young man who wanted to make his mark in journalism. He has made a good start.

TURNING from a journalistic youngster to a distinguished veteran, we want to call your attention to Edward Price Bell's illuminating account of the way Northcliffe broke Britain's journalistic black-out during the World War.

Mr. Bell recalls that James Whitcomb Riley was the first famous man he ever interviewed formally, though he had many

intimate talks with Eugene V. Debs, a fellow townsman in Terre Haute. Riley and Bell wrote poetry for the *Sunday Indianapolis Journal*, Riley then using the pseudonym of "Benjamin F. Johnson, of Boone."

It was Col. Robert Green Ingersoll, he adds, who gave him his first big political interview. That was in 1890, and, Mr. Bell recalls, Col. Ingersoll had to write out both questions and answers for a scared young reporter who was both tongue-tied and suffering from writers' cramp!

Later, in a single year, Edward Price Bell interviewed 60 of the greatest economists in Britain, France, Italy, Austria, Germany and the Far East. Altogether, he is said to have interviewed more famous statesmen and economists than any other single writer.

BUD MINGE'S illustration for "Running the Gestapo Gantlet" was so large that it didn't leave us much room on the page to tell you anything about Russell Gore, who wrote the article. And he rates some telling.

It was around the turn of the century that he broke into journalism as a police reporter for the *Buffalo Times*. Along with all the other members of the staff, he helped cover the assassination and death watch of President McKinley. It was on that assignment, he recalls, that he met Richard Harding Davis.

In 1904, he came to Detroit and served as assistant police reporter to Edgar Guest, of the *Detroit Free Press* staff. The following year he did police for the *Detroit Tribune*.

Russ (you'll pardon the nick-name for his desk is side by side with ours) next moved to Pontiac where he was managing editor of the *Pontiac Press Gazette* for six months and then became an editorial writer for the *Grand Rapids Press*. Five years followed with that paper, then he became an editorial writer for the *Chicago Daily News*, continuing in that capacity until 1914 when he returned to Detroit and joined the staff of the *News*.

He came to the *News* as an editorial writer but soon was writing feature and special articles. These included series on Michigan lumber, copper, circus stories, pirate tales and a host of others. In recent years he has traveled extensively in Europe, Latin and South America with resulting articles of economic, political and travel nature.

THE headline hunt now turns down Georgia way, where Capers A. Holmes, of the University of Georgia's Department of Public Relations has been keeping his eyes open for sparkling samples of Georgia headlining.

This one came from the late Atlanta Georgian. It is self-explanatory:

*Skunked Family Moves Out,
Home Not Worth a Scent!*

A bit of rhyme with a reason from the Atlanta Constitution:

*Convention Parley
Called by Farley*

And an eye-catcher over a story of a zoology instructor who keeps snakes instead of snake-bite remedy in his refrigerator!

*Snakes Alive!
Prof's Reptiles
Kept Well Iced*

FROM Georgia, we'll jump to Longview, Wash., and a collection of fancy headwork snipped from the *Longview Daily News*.

Over a story on bees:

*Hives Give Heave
to Aging Queens*

Over a feature story of a hotel man who has a collection of hotel photos in the lobby of his hotel:

Lobby Hobby May Make Hobby Lobby

And this lively one over a shooting story:

*Clothing Dummy
Plugged in Tummy*

And we'll tack onto these a dandy from Martin Goff, publicity director of the Rochester Athenaeum and Mechanics Institute, Rochester, N. Y., who took it from the *Rochester Times-Union* where it appeared over a story of the accidental sinking of an old, overloaded tug in the barge canal near Rochester. The tug not only tied up traffic on the canal for two or three weeks but it also snagged onto an oil tanker that couldn't break loose.

Here's the head:

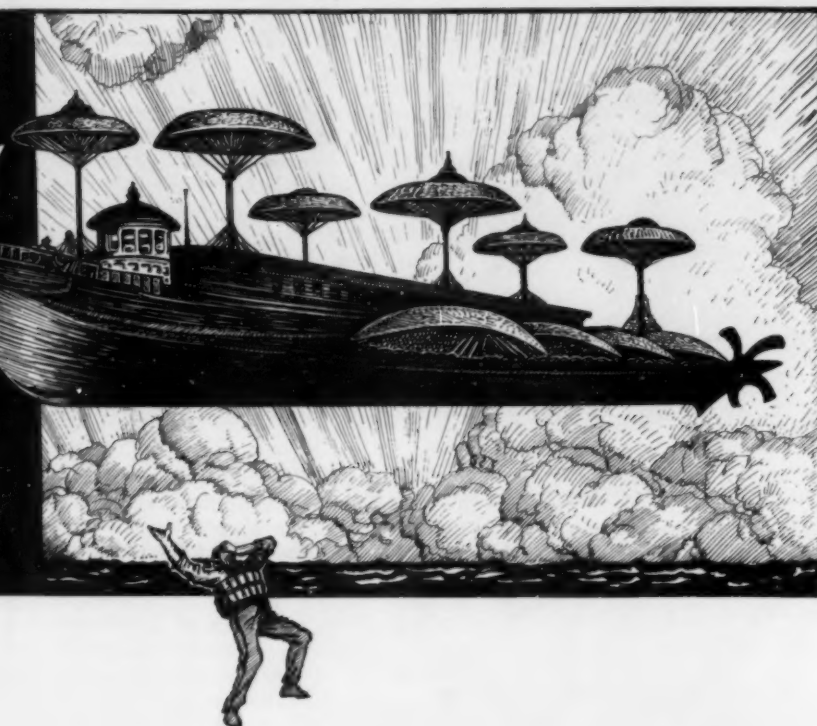
*Pull and Tug, But Tug is Snug;
Age Sank Her as Tanker's Anchor*

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Luis Senarens passed on the other day after dashing off 40,000,000 words. "Jules Verne of the Dime Novels" the *New York Herald* called him. Every week a paper-covered thriller came from his imaginative pen, but his most popular character was the dashing young inventor, "Frank Reade, Jr."

As if to prove what a journalistic training can do, the Senarens vision created fantastic Monitors and Greyhounds of the Air, long before man even dreamed of sky travel; his weird submarines have present types licked a mile; his giant steam horses and men make a war tank seem tame.

Every Senarens "dream" became a reality. Journalism is constantly giving the world embryo Edisons . . . a Marconi of the Idea Realms. Modern printing presses would have made Frank Reade, Jr., gasp. So would wireless miracles of picture and word . . . or the gigantic assignment of gathering live news from two hemispheres in a matter of split seconds.

Editor & Publisher has blazed idea trails . . . visioned greater horizons for journalism . . . played a part in generations of newspaper wizards, and will continue to do so. Those who aspire to journalism in its finer, keener sense, will never miss an issue.

EDITOR & PUBLISHER

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